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THE QUAKER POET.

A pleasing picture of the home of Whittier is given by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford in a new book just published by Cassell & Co., called *Authors at Home*, from which we make a brief extract:

The poet's dwelling in Amesbury is exceedingly simple and exquisitely neat, the exterior of a pale cream color, with many trees and shrubs about it, while within one room opens into another till you reach the study that should be haunted by the echoes of all sweet sounds, for here have been written the most of those verses full of the fitful music

Of winds that out of dreamland blew.

Here, in the proper season, the flames of a cheerful fire dance upon the brass and-irons of the open hearth, in the centre of a wall lined with books; water-colors by Harry Fenn and Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter, together with interesting prints, hang on the walls, rivalled, it may be, by the window that looks down on a sunny little orchard, and by the glass-topped door through which you see the green dome of Powow Hill.

The people of Amesbury, and of the adjoining villages and towns, feel a peculiar ownership of their poet. There is scarcely a legend of all the region round which he has not woven into his song, and the neighborhood feel not only as if Whittier were their poet, but in some way the guardian spirit, the genius of the place. Perhaps in his stern and sweet life he has been so, even as much as in his song. "There is no charge to Mr. Whittier," once said a shopman of whom he had made a small purchase; and there is no doubt that the example would have been contagious, if the independent spirit of the poet would have allowed it.

These Indian summer days of the poet's life are spent not all in the places that knew him of old. The greater part of the winter is passed in Boston; a share of the summer always goes to the White Hills, of which he is passionately fond; and the remainder of the time finds him in the house of his cousins at Oak Knoll in Danvers, still in his native county of Essex. This is a mansion, with its porches and porticos and surrounding lawns and groves, which seems meet for a poet's home. It stands in spacious and secluded grounds, shadowed by mighty oaks, and with that woodland character which birds and squirrels and rabbits darting in the checkered sunshine, must always give. It is the home of culture and refinement, too, and as full of beauty within as without. Hence many of the later poems have been sent forth, and here fledglings have the unwarrantable impertinence to intrude with their callow manuscripts, and here those pests of prominence, the autograph seekers, send their requests by the thousands. But in the early fall the poet steals quietly back to Amesbury, and there awaits election day; a day on which he religiously believes that no man has a right to avoid his duty, and of which he still thinks as when he saw

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The molds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

BRIGHT AND WHITTIER.

John Bright's favorite among living or recent writers of verse was Whittier. Bright and Whittier had much in common. Both were members of the Society of Friends. Both were Abolitionists, and there were other likenesses on which I need not dwell. Mr. Whittier's anti-slavery verse had endeared him to his English co-religionist, whose enthusiasm embraced much more than the anti-slavery verse of the American poet. He admired the simplicity, the courage, the fervor in a holy cause, the faith in great things which are among Mr. Whittier's best gifts. He admired him altogether, quoted him, talked of him with delight. One night at dinner—I may be indulged in saying that it was at my house—Mr. Bright turned the conversation to Mr. Whittier. The ladies had gone to the drawing-room.

"Of course you read Whittier?"

"Yes, I have read him."

"But, I mean, read him often. Do you mean to say you don't know him by heart?"

"No, not much by heart."

"Not his best things? Don't you know 'Snow-bound,' can't you repeat it?"

And upon a general admission from the four or five that were present that no one of them could repeat it, Mr. Bright's eye kindled, he got up, walked to the fireplace, put his back against the chimney-piece, and declaimed the whole poem. I can see him as he stood there, his beautiful face lighted up with the glow about him and the deeper glow within him; his voice subdued to the size of the room, but not less rich, deep, melodious, and true than if rolling out to thousands; his gesture, not frequent but decisive and sometimes dramatic. Mr. Whittier never heard his own poetry so recited. I thought I should tell him of the scene. I never did, but I hope somebody will tell him now. When Mr. Bright had finished he went up stairs. He carried Whittier with him, and talked of him to the ladies as he had talked to us; not, as I said before, critically, but with deep feeling and real apprehension of what is best in him. Nor did it end there. Mrs. Procter, the delightful young lady of eighty, as Mr. Lowell called her, was there; alert, fresh, energetic, keen-witted, as she always was, I think Whittier was new to her; not familiar, at any rate. She listened intently. When the company broke up, she drove Mr. Bright home—gave him a lift is the phrase here. I saw her again not long after, and she told me that he repeated Whittier to her in the carriage all the way to Piccadilly; and when they had arrived, kept it standing a minute or two in front of his door while he finished what he had in hand.—G. W. SMALLEY, in *New York Tribune*.

The retirement of Senator Chace from public life is greatly to be regretted, not only by the State which he has so honorably represented, but by the whole country. Mr. Chace was one of the best equipped legislators in Congress, and it will be many a day before his colleagues find so patient, reasonable and wise a man to take his place. In losing Mr. Chace, the Senate parts not only with an exceptionally able public man, but a man of high character and of the finest personal qualities. It can be said of Jonathan Chace that he has more friends and fewer enemies than almost any other public man of his time.—*Boston Post*.